The COMMONWEAL

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Will It Clarify the Issue?

NEW YORK elections always have a certain national importance, if only because the population of the Empire State is a neat ten per-cent of the country's. Often a governor of New York will be nominated for the presidency, and in recent history New York has supplied more than its quota of chief executives. This year particularly the Dewey-Bennett-Alfange campaign has been eagerly watched throughout the land. What actually does Mr. Dewey's overwhelming victory mean? It means a great many things, of which one is obvious. The hold of the regular Democratic Party organization over the American metropolis has weakened almost to the breaking point. Mayor LaGuardia's election to office proved very little on this score, since he was openly friendly to the New Deal and hence could be expected to win a good many Democratic votes; moreover the link between the old Tammany Hall and the Democratic organization in Brooklyn has always been somewhat weak, so that many Brooklyn Democrats might at any time feel free to vote for an anti-Tammany candidate. In this election, however, the line was clear-cut. Dewey is a straight Republican without a grain of Fusion in him—as the Little Flower made amply clear. Bennett is a straight organization Democrat, and both men are anti-New Deal. Yet Bennett succeeded in carrying the city by far less than 100,000 votes, and such a thing has never happened to any Democrat for many, many years.

But there are other, slightly less obvious, things to be said. The President minced no words at the time of the Democratic State Convention. He refused his support to Bennett on the ground that Bennett could not carry the State. Farley thought otherwise. The President has been shown to be the better political judge. Even if Bennett had won the nomination of the American Labor and Communist Parties (as did the barely defeated pro-New Deal candidate for the Lieutenant Governorship, Charles Poletti) he apparently would not have carried the State. In view of this, it seems likely that one must somewhat qualify the judgment that Dewey's victory was a great defeat for the New Deal. That it was something of a defeat there can be no question, but a defeat tempered by the fact that it eliminated—or greatly reduced—the political importance of one of the strongest anti-New Deal figures within the Democratic Party—Jim Farley. Outside of old-line Republicans, a lot of former Democrats must have voted for Dewey. Some of these were doubtless people acting on the old principle that after this long while the State government needed a change. Some were people who did not want to vote for Alfange but who also did not want to vote for a "conservative Democrat." And there can be no question that the religious issue played a sad but real part.

The net result is probably healthy, even though it may prove a bitter disappointment to many. It at least tends toward clarifying the position of the two major American parties, a position increasingly ambiguous—despite the sound and fury—ever since the Coolidge era. Much more explicitly the Republican Party emerges as the conservative party and the lesson of this defeat will push the Democratic Party as a whole more into the position of being an unadulterated advocate of social reform and non-withdrawal from the world's affairs after the war. There was a growing danger in our political life that our parties might become but two different aspects of the same program, with personal likes and dislikes rather than real issues controlling votes. Mr. Dewey's triumph, while of course in part personal, seems to give a happy shove in the other direction.

Those $25,000 *Salaries*

NOBODY seems to have rushed to the defense of the Byrnes-Roosevelt executive order setting a maximum for salaries. The newspapers were hostile, the columnists critical and the "liberal" press apparently at a loss as to what to make of it. Coming as it did a week before Election Day, it may have been intended to remind the voters that the New Deal is still on the side of the masses.

It is estimated that the order will apply to only 20,000 to 24,000 Americans. Many believe that far from producing added revenue when the nation

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most needs it, the new regulation will actually reduce it. It any case it can hardly serve as any sizable obstacle to inflation. A number of firms whose stock is closely held can maintain the standard normally paid to officers simply by declaring larger dividends. Other enterprises can get the results they want by becoming partnerships. All in all, although it sounds like quite a step, few citizens will be affected.

But what of certain executives of big corporations? Their remuneration is largely salary. Are they, according to the terms of the new regulation, to be forced to liquidate whatever assets they now have which are worth at least what they paid for them in order to meet obligations not provided for? With some justice a protest will be raised that it is unfair to single out so special a group for income limitation. Arthur Krock of the *Times* maintains that this is just what Washington wants, as it will lead to a popular demand for the general income limitation about which Mr. Roosevelt has hinted darkly more than once.

Less of a gap between maximum and minimum incomes is almost sure to be a characteristic of post-war America. And rightly so. Yet the drawing up of a schedule that would make the necessary allowances and be eminently fair and in the public interest is one of the most intricate tasks imaginable. Full allowance would have to be made for all other taxes paid, including state taxes and local real estate taxes. Also adequate provision for life insurance and other specified forms of savings, for the establishment and maintenance of moderate private means are all in the interest of the community. If the maximum income figure is a low one—$25,000 sounds too low—there must be reasonable means whereby individuals with extensive fixed obligations can provide for them. It is no place for haste.

In the relationship between national maximum and minimum incomes it would seem that the maintenance of decent minimum standards is far the more important. And a system which would universally substitute dependence on the state for security established by the individual family would be a tragic development.

Taste, Morals and Vulgarity

A NUMBER of communications lead us to believe that our notices of a definitely rowdy comedy which recently made its appearance on Broadway have misled some people into going to a play at which they have been rudely shocked and not at all entertained. Naturally any such result is disturbing to us, since the primary purpose of THE COMMONWEAL'S stage and screen reviews is to inform our readers. "Strip for Action," from all the evidence we have been able to obtain, errs principally in the direction of using extremely vulgar, bawdy language and stage business.

It seems to be generally true that the use on the stage of certain common yet distinctly obscene phrases is even more shocking to many people than a smooth and refined undermining of principles suavely concealed under double meanings and polite conversation. The night clubs often and occasionally the "serious" drama supply current specimens of such immorality. This more subtle attack upon public morals is to our way of thinking infinitely worse than vulgarity because it is far more effective. Once again we seem to be confronted with the age-old question of the relation between taste and morality. There is, of course, a relation between the two, for bad taste very often involves treating lightly or cavalierly the "matter" of sin. But people could discuss this question endlessly without reaching an agreement. Evil conversation, we are told, corrupts good manners, and the adage is true. Yet clearly the emotions of those participating in the conversation affect the extent to which it is immoral. Vulgarity, the standards of which vary profoundly through the ages, is always highly objectionable to many people, and we have constantly made it a point to indicate in all our critical notices whether or not it exists in the work under review. If in the present instance we failed to do so for some of our readers, we hereby make things plain.

And After All These Years

FROM *The Sign* (November, 1942): "The nationalist-communist struggle in Spain which raged from 1936 to 1939 . . . at bottom . . . was no more than a conflict between communism and Catholicism." From the *Catholic Digest* (November, 1942): an article by Aubrey F. Bell taken from the *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. "Those who believe that the government of General Franco is antidemocratic are fundamentally, although perhaps naturally, mistaken. . . . Franco's government is similar to that of today's England, not political but national. . . . Class distinctions have tended to disappear . . . the whole nation welded together by blows from without and impelled to act as one man, for self-preservation certainly, but also in the light of a great idea, the intimate persuasion, a very Spanish as well as a very English persuasion, that without freedom life is valueless."

Lecture Notes

AS A WRITER, who is also a would-be Christian, I cannot help feeling that a satisfactory theory of Art from the standpoint of the Christian faith has yet to be worked out. With the exception of Kierkegaard, most theologians who have dealt with the subject seem to me to have

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accepted Greek esthetics too uncritically. The difference between pre-Christian art and all art produced within Christendom, whether religious or secular, whether by professing Christians or by unbelievers, is much more radical, I believe, than is generally realized.

* * *

The three Religions—Natural, Revealed and Christian. The first believes that the Unconditional is perpetually objectively manifest in existence. The second believes that the Unconditional is, objectively, perpetually *absconditus,* but occasionally subjectively manifest to exceptional groups or individuals, to a chosen race or to its prophets. The last believes that the Unconditional was objectively manifested upon one unique occasion (The Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us) and thenceforth is subjectively manifest, perpetually and to all. (Behold I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.) Each has a different attitude toward the objectively manifest, i.e., Nature, and since it is to Nature that Art holds up its mirror, the attitude of each towards Art is also different.

* * *

A natural religion must be based upon one of two contradictory premises; either upon the *esthetic* premise that the Individual is superior to the Universal, the divine essence is *Will,* and its command an ontological *for-the-sake-of,* or upon the *ethical* premise that the Universal is superior to the Individual, the divine essence is *Reason,* and its command a teleological *in-order-that.*

Though the Esthetic religion is historically antecedent to the Ethical, the latter does not gradually evolve from the former, for their respective premises are irreconcilable; the evil of the one is the good of the other. A change from one to the other is a revolutionary transvaluation of values, a desperate step compelled by complete breakdown.

* * *

Faith in the Esthetic religion is inversely proportional to the believer's faith in his own esthetic individuality, in his subjective freedom to will. It passes through four obvious stages of successive decline, each corresponding to a stage of advance or social differentiation from primitive community (*gemeinschaft*) toward civilized society (*gesellschaft*).

Stage One. Animism, the Esthetic religion in its purest form. The gods are on earth, they are infinite in number, they are not human (they may *have* been human, e.g., ancestral ghosts), and the laws are tabus, arbitrary like the rules of prosody. This is the religion of those who are so conscious of their weakness compared with the power of Nature, that even the living community has no faith in its own individuality.

Stage Two. The Mythological. The gods have been removed from earth to heaven, they are finite in number, human in form and interrelated by blood. The religion of those who collectively, though still not individually, feel powerful enough to have individuality.

Stage Three. The naïve Heroic. In addition to the gods in heaven, there are on earth certain exceptional individuals specially favored by them, often indeed divinely begotten on a mortal woman, and sometimes rewarded for their deeds by apotheosis.

The religion of a community where there are some individuals who can do what the mass cannot, and thanks to whose *arete* or virtues the success of the whole community is secured.

Stage Four. The tragic Heroic. Individuality, the esthetic principle, contains the seed of its own destruction. Heroic virtue of necessity produces a hubris which excites the envy of the Gods, and behind the finite figures of the latter stands an infinite Fate to which at last even they must succumb. The religion of a society in which its ordinary members (the chorus) have become sufficiently aware of their own individuality to feel *ressentiment* at the pretensions of the great (the actors).

The emergence into consciousness of Fate which, being an universal concept, cannot be manifested esthetically—(the attempt of the esthetic to do so after its own manner, the mythological, confesses failure by using the plural number, the Moira, the Norns), hastens the collapse of the Esthetic religion. After the Prometheus of Aeschylus, it only remains for Euripedes to take the final step—convention rules the gods—and the Esthetic religion is finished.

* * *

As long as the Esthetic religion is believed, Art is a magic ritual, the purpose of which is to induce the right feelings and expel the wrong ones. By Aristotle's time, the latter seemed the most importunate, hence his doctrine of catharsis. There is no audience, only a group of participating worshippers, hence the necessity in all such art of knowing in advance what is going to happen, and the uproar always aroused by any artistic innovation.

The question of esthetic *taste,* of good and bad art in our sense, is unreal, for the criterion is magical efficiency. A school in Australia has a song, to the tune of *Men of Harlech,* which runs as follows:

> We who wear the white and yellow
> Sweetly sing and loudly bellow
> Standing each one near her fellow
> For the Girls' High School.

If the alumnae are deeply moved by singing this, as they probably are, they will not think of asking if it is good poetry.

DIDYMUS.

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Revolution III

WE LIKE some of them. We like some of the pictures, some of the statues. We like Bunker Hill, Lexington, Valley Forge; we like the pictures in which Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown. A revolution is good when it succeeds. So that sometimes we like the word revolution also. There are a lot of statues and paintings of good revolutionaries all round the country. But there are not so many statues or paintings of the other revolutionaries. There is John Brown of course, but absorbed into the Civil War, abstracted somewhat from the idea of personal, unauthorized violence. Our unorthodox revolutionaries from Shays's Rebellion to the IWW are not on the altars. But in our mind the image of Washington and those of Mooney and of Debs are alike in this: they are portraits in paint on canvas; we would not recognize their faces if we met them on the street.

The escalator at 53 Street and Lexington in New York is a particularly long one; you get a long ride. A row of standing figures proceeds upwards; a row descends. You step on the thing at the bottom and one after another the old lady, the old man, the young lady, the young man, the boy, the girl—"the Ages of Man"—standing motionless come to meet you on this moving stage. You stand motionless and so do they, but the old lady passes by holding her packages, the child its toy, a girl passes by, a communist descends—he is for an incalculable second precisely as far as you are from the burning core of the world—Governor Elect Dewey descends, a policeman and a priest descend. It makes a pretty design for loneliness. It is the way the city rephrases the lines about ships that pass in the night. You do not see much of the bodies, you see the heads. There is the head of a girl and, higher—because he is on the step above—the head of a sailor. They are silent, these two, as they are carried down to the train for Queens. Whatever they had been saying in the darkened streets above has been interrupted. The speech of their love is suspended. They have no need for words. The escalator carries them down into the silence of supreme confidence and union.

These are the faces of men and women before they are made into statues, before any distortion in a camera close-up. These are the faces of hunger and love, revolution and tyranny, before anyone has classified them. These are faces of men and women before they have been catalogued by the police, before the crime, before the heroic act, before the Beauty Contest at Atlantic City. When you think of revolutionaries in the plural, think rather of the revolutionary, the solitary man, the woman alone. Tear up the photographs, forget the statues, the printings, the catalogue notes; forget the doctrines and the commentaries. Look only upon any man on an escalator; the face you will see—that your eye can see, but that no camera eye can see—will be the face of the Frenchman standing before a firing squad in Nantes. It will be the face of a lonely and obstinate Italian in confinement on Lipari. It will be the face of a man in Dachau.

There is no abstract Revolution: there is only the face of the man you see who refuses a particular injustice, a misery directly perceptible to himself. There is this man and then another man and another. When there are many who refuse specific conditions imposed upon their lives, the revolt which proceeds from these individuals, and not from a theory, is what, later, is named revolution.

It is the localized visage of repression which determines the localized visage of revolt. The oppressor always has a face, or many faces, and it is through being compelled to know them that anger rises and the demand for justice. Wealth has no face and that is why the revolt against wealth has always been ineffective where money and power have not come to be identified with a limited and identifiable class. The deeper justice which inspires man's enduring refusal to accept any permanent crystallization of its denial seeks precise issues. Sometimes the path, the procedure and technique are difficult to chart. Sometimes the visage of injustice is so clear and so hateful that men give it a name—the totalitarian régime is the name they give it now. But it is impossible to combat a régime as if it were a book. The men who are powerful because they are of it must fall. And after that the men who gave them power—no one takes power—must fall too. These men in each country are identifiable. The revolutionary in each country knows them. But knowing them he knows that they are Frenchmen as he is a Frenchman, Italians as he is an Italian, Germans and Spaniards as he is German and Spanish. He knows that they are men like himself. The revolution he is carrying out against the nazis, against the fascists, is a preliminary revolution. But when it will have been completed and successful—after the victory—after a certain violence has removed the more vulgar and evident enemies, the revolutionary will look at priests and socialists, democrats and conservatives, ex-combatants and pacifists, farmers and mechanics, and anarchists, and he will see their faces and see that they are his countrymen. The new society that he will plan will be for these men and not for others. He will claim justice for these men in the land which is familiar to them and to him and which is infinitely distinct from any other land. It will be among the men he knows, the faces he recognizes, that he will find refusal or consent.

To no country in Europe can the revolution be brought as a gift from afar—or imposed.

C. G. PAULDING.

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France of the Armistice

The present structure and the nation's future.

By **Paul Vignaux**

ONE of the men who, although not in the public eye, helped prepare Vichy's "National Revolution" is Robert Salleron, a theorist of the farmers' corporative movement. A year ago he proclaimed that "the State is meddling everywhere," and what he looked forward to was "a corporative revolution against statism" . . . but what the armistice régime in France actually has effected has been an entirely different transformation in the life of the nation. A German economist and expert, Dr. Michel, has described what has taken place with remarkable clarity in the *Berliner Borsen Zeitung* for April 10, 1942. Within the space of twenty months, he writes, "through the initiative taken by the German authorities," a "revolution" has been carried out: a planned economy has been set up. "It's principle," he explains, "is that France's economic life is planned by the French State." But "the German military administration has for its task the *planning of the planned economy.*" And the Professor goes on to explain the advantages to the Germans of planning France's economy through an intermediary. In the first place, the number of necessary German personnel is reduced to a minimum: "Very often one single adviser from the military administration can guide an entire industry with the assistance of but a single stenographer." A second advantage—I continue to quote the nazi expert—is that "by using the French bureaus as a front . . . the responsibility of the French Government is made very apparent to the French people." And this is all the more "opportune" since "the decisions that are taken are in the nature of radical reform." Finally there is a third advantage. Since the authority of the French State covers the non-occupied territories, it is the entire French economy, including that of all non-occupied territories, which thus "is placed to a very large extent at the service of Germany's war economy."

Rationalizing French economy

To attain this result "it was first of all necessary to create, following the German system, a rational allotment of raw materials. Consequently a law of September 10, 1940, created within the French Ministry for Industrial Production, with the assistance of a delegate from the Economic Section of the German staff in Paris, "a Central Office for the Allotment of Industrial Products." This was divided into sections, each one headed by a manager, or manager in chief, invested with full powers. The "Führer Prinzip" is evident also in the organization of industrial production. The law of August 16, 1940, instituted in France the counterpart of German industrial "groups." These were the so-called Organization Comittees. A communiqué dated October 5, 1940, explained that these committees "have very few members; they may even, in exceptional cases, be formed of only one member. And the members are not selected with any special intention of insuring an exact representation of the interests of their profession, but entirely according to their individual aptitude; their activity, dynamism, their capacity for leadership and, in a word, their aptitude for decision and action."

Toward a simple party

Turning to the organization of agriculture, a law of December 2, 1940, institutes the Peasants' Corporation. Its complicated apparatus, we are told, is supposed to reach some sort of efficiency by the end of 1942. Although it is possible to link this new organization with certain older forms of French agricultural unionism, it would be interesting to compare the new Peasants' Corporation with the nazi *Reichnahrstand,* which is the omnicompetent state organizing the rural community.

In every field the same process can be seen at work. For anyone who has followed with some attention the labor policy followed by the occupying authorities—a policy both clever and ineffective—it is very clear that the nazis have sought to place French labor organizations between themselves and the French workmen. The Charte du Travail, which after long delay was promulgated on October 4, 1941, was supposed to solve this problem. But it is no more than a compromise between two opposite tendencies, that of the paternalistic employers who wanted a purely employer-employee organization which would be based on a single industry and which would be under their absolute control; and, on the other hand, the tendency of those union leaders who had rallied to the new régime and who were ready

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to administer closed and obligatory unions which should be each one separate from the other, formed according to trade, and subject to the double tutelage of mixed commissions and state functionaries. The *Pariser-Zeitung* for October 31, 1941, gives a useful analysis of the law of October 4, 1940: "The Labor Charter may be considered as the synthesis of the Fascist corporative system and the German Labor Front. But it will never be the keystone of French social and economic organization until French unity shall have been reached within the framework of a single and broadly popular party." Here arises the problem of the single party. And we shall meet this problem again and again. Facing it, we are led beyond questions of economic order; we reach graver matters, relating to education and the life of the spirit. For if the single union lead—as Marcel Déat says it does—to the single party, the latter— again according to Déat—leads automatically to a single youth, to totalitarian education. The matter no longer concerns relations between the State and economic life; it necessarily concerns the fundamental relationship between the State and the nation.

The State and the Nation

Where you have statism you have bureaucracy. We all know how considerably French bureaucracy has grown under the armistice régime. From the point of view of the formation and eventual continuance of the present French structure, I must insist upon the importance of a fact which Louis R. Franck emphasized in *Foreign Affairs* for October, 1942. Franck points out that, after the first world war, a powerful bureaucracy came into existence which was formed of men belonging to the higher ranks of government service or those who had left this service to enter private enterprise. "In the thirties, the high civil bureaucracy had really become a caste somewhat similar to the Prussian Junkers." And a like *esprit de corps* grew up in the military bureaucracy. Franck very justly remarks that after the defeat and the armistice these bureaucracies "were ripe for collaboration," for integration into a new order in which they would act uncontrolled by popular assemblies or by popular opinion—considered by them incompetent to judge matters of policy or of state. In my own opinion, events such as the armistice and the "national revolution" represented a weakening, in the social history of France, on the part of the elected personnel, and the rise to power of the top-flight military and civil bureaucracy, both in public and private employment. All that took place in France when and after France fell presents a remarkable likeness to what took place in other countries. Another keen observer, René Avord, writing in *La France Libre* (November, 1941) very accurately noted the charcteristics of contemporary totalitarianism: *bureaucracy* and *fanaticism*. Fanaticism, one may say, is the régime's ideal; its reality often is no more than conformism. Therefore I would rather call the two characteristics *bureaucracy* and *conformism* and proceed with my analysis. We know only too well what are the two main instruments of political conformism: the leader and the single party. The leader will be of that type called by Max Weber "a charismatic personage." Avord defines him, "the leader who is always being cheered and whose title of legitimacy is the passionate loyalty of his faithful followers, ready for any orders and any sacrifice for no other reason than that they believe in him." Theoretically Marshal Pétain's authority springs from this source. But the single party causes Vichy more difficulties. The traditionalists, followers of Maurras, want none of it. The leader in their opinion suffices as an incarnation of French unity. However, there is a compelling necesssity springing from time and circumstance. If Déat and Doriot have failed up till now to form the single party, proposed and desired by the *Pariser Zeitung,* the Legion (of veterans of the present and the last war) appears more and more to be acting as a single party and, according to its present leader, Lachal, must become that party's nucleus. This political structure of the armistice régime has a most important bearing on the fundamental problem of relations between the nation and the State.

Democracy

The reason I call this problem fundamental is that it affects the very essence of democracy. In justification of their entire set-up, the men of Vichy plead *French unity,* the unity of the national community. And in their system this unity is closely related to the unity which is acquired by having a single political leader who, in turn, leans for support upon a closed political movement. It was to no purpose that the preamble to the Constitutional Laws declared: "The government is well aware that the social groups—family, profession, communes, and regions—have their own existence, anterior to that of the State. The latter is only the political organ for a national drawing together of all these units and for national unity." But in reality this drawing together and this unity are thought of and carried out in such a manner that the bureaucratic apparatus of the State stretches out and takes hold of the entire national community and destroys all autonomous units. Now Georges Gurvitch and I believe—and in this we are following the great French jurist, Maurice Hauriou—that democracy consists essentially in the autonomy of the nation in relation to the State and that this autonomy is such that, through appropriate instruments of control, the national com-

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munity maintains a supremacy over the apparatus of the State. In this power consists the nation's sovereignty and political liberty. The armistice régime eliminates this sovereignty and this liberty through its very conception of French unity, which it identifies with a political leader and a closed political movement. A truly democratic structure starts with the conviction and the certainty that the community of men in a nation cannot be personified in one man and is necessarily refractory to totalitarian or one party organization. And from this conception inevitably springs a respect for pluralism and for the rights of the opposition. From this point of view we can study another question. To what degree is the armistice régime, which is non-democratic, based upon the structural facts of the nation?

The bureaucracy

A first fact in this structure, which I have already mentioned, is that a powerful bureaucracy has been formed. High ranking civil servants, to a greater or lesser extent connected with the larger private industries and banks, possess a permanent advantage and strength which is their experience and ability. Men capable of management are the more necessary in that France is subjected to a régime of planned economy. Now quite obviously, planned economy will not come to an end when French territory is freed from the occupying forces. No matter how many and how inevitable may be the changes in personnel, there will remain a tendency toward government by the competent, who naturally will permanently object to any return of power to the "incompetent." And if we now consider the situation which exists in army leadership, we will notice that through a long preparatory process which is still obscure but which certainly started before the armistice, the miliary leaders had conceived the possibility of abrogating to themselves a social importance and political rôle which they previously had considered entirely impossible, ever since the Dreyfus affair. This political-military tendency finds support in another tendency, also evident before the armistice—that which led to the construction of political groups possessing a para-military structure. Moreover, one need only read certain pamphlets coming from a *milieu* that has the reputation of being anti-nazi, the *Ecole Nationale des Cadres d'Uriage,* to perceive that the spirit of military aristocracy is being reborn and is spreading in "the community of youth leaders," and that this spirit is thought of as an "order" which takes its life from the ethos of *its own* conception of honor. Whatever skepticism one may have concerning the education given in certain "Boy Scout" groups such as the Compagnons de France, or the Chantiers de la Jeunesse, it does seem quite possible that this education is forming the mentality described and desired by men such as Georges Pelorson, the assistant Secretary General for Youth. This is what he wants: "It is through a mystical faith not only in the leader, but in leaders and in men who have accepted with entire lucidity of mind the obligation to submerge their individuality in the dominating conscience of the collectivity that the human person finds its best school and its greatest exaltation." Even before the war one could have predicted that personalism and communitarian ideology would be subject to this deviation from their truths. And the future of this ideology in France does not appear linked in any absolute manner to the destinies of nazism. Even before the war the widely prevalent idea that political parties were growing old and weak led not so much to a firm purpose of renewing political pluralism as it did to a confused yearning for a fusion of the younger élites in a single political movement. This was the characteristic tendency of what may be called "the Party of men under forty."

Just as the impulse and the need to give up one's individual will to the will of a leader is not linked to one leader more than to another, so the idea of French unity is capable of giving birth to other orthodoxies, and other fervors than those of the present national revolution. A desire for unity is obviously very strong in a country torn apart. One need only think of the two lines of demarcation which divide France or of the million and a half French prisoners in Germany or of the various groups of free Frenchmen. And there are also the greatly increased possibilities for social antagonism: the anti-capitalism, for instance, of French workmen and of the middle classes. Finally, there is a certain amount of evidence which leads us to believe that it would not be impossible for a tendency toward nationalist exaltation to arise—in a people humiliated and weakened by the armistice régime—which would not gradually diminish after the Germans have been expelled. If such a tendency should prevail, this neo-nationalism, consciously or not, would certainly move toward a non-democratic régime and a non-democratic relationship between the nation and the State.

Meaning of French resistance

It is necessary to insist on such data in the French problem so as to realize clearly that the armistice régime is not entirely accidental and is not an event in the life of the French nation having no strict connection with permanent facts in the structure of that nation. On the other hand one must not forget that the structure of the French nation, like that of any other nation, contains many possibilities and many contradictory tendencies. And here we touch upon a problem

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of fundamental importance. What is the political meaning of French resistance?

The armistice régime places under German control a "French State" which in turn reaches out and controls the whole life of the nation. French resistance consequently is essentially the resistance of the national commmunity against the apparatus of the State and comes from those forces which remain available and inherent in the nation after the State has, so to say, gone over to the enemy. The existence of autonomous forces of sufficient vitality to refuse statism will perhaps determine and safeguard the future of democracy as we have defined it.

Local and provincial forces

French resistance seems to be first of all the awakening of local and provincial forces. Acts of resistance that take place in Paris, when they can be known, have a symbolical and emotional influence throughout the rest of the country. But the division of France into three zones makes it impossible for the capital to direct and lead the resistance of the French. Resistance finds its main strength in local and provincial social organizations and in their automonous energy. And just as it discovers this possibility of territorial decentralization, French resistance is likewise discovering the vital forces that remain in occupational organizations. In all those zones where the *Confédération Générale du Travail* or the *Confédération Française des Travailleurs Chrétiens* are influential, the trades union tradition has brought about mass resistance. The workers remember, says one of their recently published pamphlets, that their free organizations "provide the strength which they oppose to oppresssion"; the confidence they find in their own powers is again reborn. Here, then, is a rebirth of the unions' will to independence, to autonomy for the workers.

And, significantly, we find this same spirit of autonomy among the Catholics active in the French resistance, whom no Vichy clericalism can prevent from seeing the nazi peril. Their central thesis has been admirably expressed by the Archbishop of Toulouse: "As for us, totalitarianism and clericalism express the same error and the same confusion." In the resistance that the Christians are putting up, they stand for freedom and they stand against statism. Can the same be said of the resistance made by socialists, a resistance so important because of the great numbers it affects? Yes, if French socialism avoids all deviation toward a confused anti-capitalism or a national socialism, if in the reconstruction of the nation it does not satisfy itself with a mere strengthening of the executive power and an extension of bureaucracy. Yes, if it insists on developing methods for control of the State by the people. And after all there is a socialist conception of freedom which subordinates the State to society. And this leads us into the heart of the problem.

For what is at stake, finally, is to know whether this French national community whose vitality and autonomous strength we have analyzed can affirm and impose its supremacy and its sovereignty on the politico-economic apparatus of a French State after that State has been liberated from the Germans.

Will France find the necessary men who shall believe that such a direction must be given to politics and economics?

The men needed

The analysis which I have given has led me inescapably, I believe, to the following conclusions:

If democracy means not only autonomy but also the actual supremacy of the national community over the apparatus of the State and of planned economy, then, democracy consists essentially in control by the people. Those men are the most necessary to democracy *who will restrain the State, and who accept that they themselves be restrained* by the vigilance of the people. Here again I find myself in agreement with Louis R. Franck: "If Parliament was guilty, its fault certainly was not to have imposed too much supervision but rather not to have exercised any supervision at all." As early as November, 1940, my friends in the labor unions were writing, "It is a lie to say today that our country's defeat came about because its citizens used their free rights."

In the measure that we can act upon it, France's destiny in all that relates to her national life depends on maintaining, on developing above everything else, an awareness of liberty and a will to limit power

Play to the Grand Stand

The talented adolescent stands on the street,
In a gray-plaided, unbuttoned overcoat,
With scuffed and worn black shoes on his feet,
Faded green sweater high at the throat,

Below the wavy hair and bright gray eyes,
Below the razor-scraped young chin.
Conceit is in the set of his wise
Mouth, in the very look of his skin.

So many look and act like that,
To convince themselves against the world
That they are clever. He puffs at
His cigarette, spits from a curled
Lip, smartly through his fine white teeth.
He must be noticed. . . . Throw a wreath!

IRMA WASSALL.

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Calypso and Pan America

Folk songs indicate a hemispheric link.

By **Basil Matthews**

ECONOMICALLY and strategically the British Caribbean islands are of the first importance in any scheme of hemispheric defense. Sociologically they are paramount. Because of their Latin culture, their English training and their American bent, they form the natural bond between the culture of Latin America and the basically Anglo-Saxon social system of the United States. The Caribbean links the destinies of the Americas. Yet none seem to advert to this fact. If they had, the Good Neighbor policy would be differently oriented.

The influence in the islands of the English as an ethnic group has been almost negligible. Their immense contribution to the formation of the present British West Indian culture came through their institutions, their laws, government and uniform educational system. Even when the English were most numerous in the West Indies, in the days when sugar was king, they never settled upon the soil. They came and went as absentee landlords, or they came, "made their pile" and departed. In a letter to Lord Germain, Secretary of State for the American Department, Gouverneur Morris contrasts the English with the French in the West Indies. "On the contrary the English think only of making a rapid fortune, to enable them to return to Europe to spend it there, leaving only servants on their estates."

The Latin Colonials

It was the French and Spanish settlers who, as peoples, exercised a determining European influence in the evolution of the British West Indian people. From the very start they settled on the soil, as did also the Africans. This is of no little significance. It is a finding of modern sociology that common existence and common experience upon a common soil through a prolonged period of time is one of the essential elements in the formation of a new people.

In Jamaica the Spaniards left their traces in an almost new breed of men, the Maroon Negroes, who from there spread all over the West Indies. In Trinidad, of course, Spanish influence is still very marked. It is in the blood stream of the people, in certain lingering laws, especially in regard to religion, in buildings, in the local dialect, in the melody and rhythm of folk song.

But it is the influence of the French that has predominated. On their colonizing policy Gouverneur Morris's letter to Lord Germain is revealing: "The small and middling white Settlers (among which the proportion of those formerly French ones is considerable) may be called the yeomanry of the West Indies, and are by far the most useful and giving the greatest strength to infant colonies. Their ideas are confined to the spot they have fixed themselves on, their wishes circumscribed to attaining only absolute necessarys, with a very few comforts for themselves and family; they never form an idea of quitting the Government to live in Europe on the revenue of their American possessions, and thus may be deemed permanent inhabitants."

Not only did the Latin people settle on the soil. Their attitude towards the African was very different from that of the Anglo-Saxon. Even in the days of slavery the English were noted for being more severe toward their slaves than either the French or the Spanish. The Dutch, however, beat the English to it. All this is a matter of recorded history. The fact that the Latins are Southern Europeans; that a universalist outlook has been part of the Latin tradition ever since the incorporation of stoicism into ancient Rome; that the Latins are more catholic in culture ever since Christianity became the dominant civilization of the West, all these considerations, added to their local attachment to the West Indies, help to explain the fundamental difference of inter-racial outlook.

The African in the West Indies

The African was recruited from a large number of tribes dwelling on the African Atlantic coast from Cape Blanco to Loango St. Paul's, in the kingdom of Angola. Over two million were supplied to the British colonies in America and the West Indies between the years 1680 and1786. Between 1783 and 1787, 84,666 were delivered and kept in the British West Indies alone.

Mr. C. L. R. James in his "The Case for West Indian Federation" epitomizes the situation: "The bulk of the population of these West Indian Islands, over 80 percent, consists of Negroes or persons of Negroid origin. They are the descendants of those African slaves who were brought almost continuously to the West Indies until the

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slave trade was stopped in 1807. Cut off from all contact with Africa for a century and a quarter, they present the extraordinary spectacle of a people who, in language and social customs, religion, education and outlook, are essentially Western and, indeed, far more advanced in Western culture than many a European community."

This claim is substantially correct. Lord Moyne, when Secretary of State for the Colonies, stated in a public pronouncement during his tenure of office that the West Indians "approximate" European culture. In further confirmation there is a passage from Sir Charles Bruce, written from the fulness of a rich and varied administrative experience in the Colonies: "In the meantime [i.e., since emancipation], such has been the energy and capacity of the Afro-European population in the Crown Colonies, where they form the bulk of the general community, that there is no department of Government, executive, administrative or judicial, in which they have not held the highest office with distinction, no profession of which they are not honored members, no branch of commerce or industry in which they have not succeeded."

Lord Olivier, for six years Governor of Jamaica, and twice a member of Commissions to the West Indies, put it on record that "the African, whether at home or even in exile after the great hiatus of slavery, shows practical shrewdness and aptitude for the affairs of local government. His legal acumen is higher than that of the European."

Calypso

The British West Indies, then, represent an organic mixture of Spanish, French, African, Anglo-Saxon manners and customs—an ideal meeting ground between the more purely Latin peoples further south and the more purely English peoples further north. And if one were to choose a single symbol of this fact, that which would most strikingly come to mind is the native folk-music, "Calypso."

Calypso, in its present day form, is one of several types of music evolved by the African Negro in Trinidad. It is what its name says it is, a gay or festive song. (*Calypso* is a smart corruption of the French adjective *carousseaux* from *carousse*, meaning originally *festivity* or *festal celebrations*.) But Calypso is not only a song, it is *action* sung. It is so spirited that it is impossible to sing it or listen to it without being moved to beat out its rhythm by tapping of feet, patting of hands and snapping of fingers. It was evolved as a dancing song, African folk-dance. Calypso without some accompanying rhythmic movement of the body is inconceivable.

The term *Calypso* was derived, as already mentioned, from the French *carousseaux*. The French patois spoken in Trinidad as in other islands of the West Indies preferred the form *carisseaux* (accent on the last syllable), and used it to designate the local festive song. The African did not like the difficult rolling French R's and always either dropped them or changed them into some smoother and softer sound. For example *Frédéric* became simply *Fédéwick*, or just *Feddie* in its diminutive form; *frais* (fresh) became *fwais; froide* (cold) was turned into *fwéde*. So too *carisseaux* became *cayisseaux* (accent still on the last syllable). At times the crowd, tickled, would simply exclaim "isseaux" or "ousseaux" when a singer delivered himself of a particularly fascinating verse.

Another form, *calisseaux*, was in use at the same time as *cayisseaux*. This was arrived at by substituting an *l* for the *r* in carisseaux. How account for this? It sems to be a direct result of the influence of the speech of Venezuelans and the Spanish peasantry in Trinidad. In general they pronounce *l* where the Spanish *r* occurs in the middle of a word. Thus they do not say *perdón* (pardon) but *peldón*. *Calisseaux* gradually became anglicized in form and began to be spelt *caliso* and *calyso* with the accent still unchanged. Thus this one word *caliso* or *calyso* remarkably symbolizes the fusion of the three major cultural influences that shape the destiny of the people of Trinidad and of the West Indies, namely: French, Spanish and English. And the songs themselves, the Calypsos, are to a far greater extent the story of a people. Historians show us the face of the people; these ballads take us into their hearts and souls. When the Englishman made contact with the rhythmic ditty he interpolated an euphonic *p* into its name. *Calyso* in its full dress rehearsal appeared as *Calypso*. And the word accent was moved back a syllable.

The rhythm of the Calypso is heavily Latin-American. The basic rhythmic pattern is what is known as the Habañera. This rhythmic form is a Spanish modification of unmistakably African rhythm, and it has come to be regarded as the characteristic of Spanish music. It is, however, the rhythm of all Latin American music. Of it Fridenthal says: "The melody of the Habañera came out of Middle or Southern Spain, and the rhythm which accompanies it had its origin in Africa. We therefore have, in a way, the union of Spanish spirit and African technique."

The Calypso lyrics give the strongest informal evidence to the all-pervading Catholic tradition of the Latinized British people of the West Indies. Death, Judgment, Hell, Heaven are often referred to. Death is a particularly staggering thought. There is a whole Calypso on that subject alone. Allusion to eternity is common. God is the Almighty, "the Supreme of Supremacy" from Whom alone the nations can hope for lasting peace. Man has a soul, an immortal soul. He should always remember that he has a soul to save, but especially when he is growing old like John

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Thomas of Tobago, he should eschew the follies of youth. "It is a sin to tell a lie forms the title and the refrain of a Calypso. The devil is a dreaded monster. Belief in prayer and the Catholic practice of offering votive candles are encountered time and again. Even the superstitious use of these practices is recorded. Catholic charity and Catholic education are the subject of the song "Send Your Children to the Orphan Home." In that very lyric three Catholic sacraments are mentioned: Baptism, Holy Eucharist and Confirmation. In other lyrics Matrimony is abundantly referred to, and the need of Penance is recalled. The blessedness of the religious life is praised. The Ten Commandments are touched upon. Sometimes this is done directly as in "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie," and in "Love Thy Neighbor." Sometimes indirectly, as when criticism and abuse are heaped on customs contrary to the principles of the Decalogue and the teachings of Christ. Here is a fair specimen:

If a man has money today
People do not care if he has cocobay.* (*Repeat*)
He can commit murder and get off free
And live in the governor's company.
But if you are poor
People will tell you "shoo"
And a dog is better than you.

If you have money to buy in the store
The boss will shake your hands at the door (*Repeat*)
Call ten clerks to take down everything
Whisky, cloth, earrings and diamond ring;
He may send them to your house on a motor-bike
You can pay the bills whenever you like
Not a soul will ask you a thing
They know very well that money is king.

A man with a collar and tie and waistcoat
Ask the Chinee† man to trust him acra and float (*Repeat*)
"Me no trust 'em," bawl out the Chinee man
"And you'd better move-em from me fryin' pan
You're college man. Me no know a, b, c
If you want-em acra gimme a penny."
The worms start to jump in the man's belly
And he cries out a dog is better than me.

A dog can walk about and pick up bone,
Fowl head, stale bread, fish tail and pone. (*Repeat*)
If it's a good breed and not too wild
Some people will take it and mind as a child.
But when a hungry man goes out to beg
They will set a bulldog behind his leg
For the policeman will knock him down too
You see where a dog is better than you.

The British West Indies are indeed eminently fitted to bridge the cultural gap between Latin America and the United States. They are fitted for this because of their Latin background and culture; because of their British training and because of their Catholic tradition. And if this were not enough, there is the steady growth of the American way, and the rising of popularity of American ideas down there. As a West Indian writer once put it, the British West Indies "remain passionately British in sentiment, but culturally there has long been a marked tendency toward the American way. And this is inevitable, for in sports and entertainment in several of their branches, they look toward America sometimes for avenues of expression, but at all times for leadership."

* *Cocobay*—local term for leprosy.
† *Chinee*—locally, Chinese run most of the small cook-shops.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT IS with great pleasure, indeed, that as a welcome result of my jottings in this column in the issue of THE COMMONWEAL devoted to Latin American relations, I am able to give my readers the valuable information contained in the following letter from Mr. Edward J. Heffron, executive secretary of the National Council of Catholic Men:

"In your column of October 16 you write approvingly of the Inter-American Seminar on Social Studies, held in this country under the auspices of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. You express the hope that such undertakings may in the future include 'the lay element in the Church.'

"It will please you, I know, to discover that some of the 'Doctors' who were members of the Seminar were not Reverend Doctors at all, but humble laymen even as you and I. There was Dr. Tobar Donoso, former Minister of Foreign Affairs of Quito, Ecuador; Dr. Gonzales Luna, distinguished lawyer and leader in Catholic Action, of Guadalajara, Mexico; Dr. Sobral Pinto and Dr. Vieira Coelho, Professors of Law in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Dr. Camara, Professor of Law in Porto Alegre, Brazil; and Dr. Caldera, Deputy to the National Congress, Caracas, Venezuela. And among the American members of the Seminar were Dr. Jacques Maritain of Columbia University; Dr. Francis McMahon of Notre Dame University; James A. Corcoran of the New York State Industrial Board; Wilbert J. O'Neill of the National Council of Catholic Men; Dr. George Donovan of Webster College, and Paul Williams of the Catholic Committee of the South."

If circumstances had permitted me to attend the actual sessions of the notable Seminar, which, it is legitimate to hope and trust, is but the beginning of a great work of cooperation among Catholics throughout the Western Hemisphere, no doubt I should have been better informed when I came to write about it in this space. But like most of the Catholic public, all I knew was "what I read in the papers," to recall Will Rogers's phrase, and in such publicity about the Seminar as came my way there was no information vouchsafed as to the lay membership so impressively given by Mr. Heffron in his letter, nor any account of what they contributed to the discussions, and to its program. Probably, what they in fact did contribute

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was as valuable and as varied as the qualifications of the eminent group of scholars and public men listed by Mr. Heffron would naturally induce us to expect. It seems a pity that more of so important and heartening information was not given to the press, or was missed or minimized by the press, both Catholic and secular, in their accounts of the Seminar. For the vast and pressing need of Catholic Action, in its strict sense, which necessarily and most properly is based upon direct and continuous leadership of the Bishops of the Church, and of the clergy commissioned by the Bishops for leadership, for greater and wider support on the part of the laity, is obvious. As matters now stand, by far the greater number of lay workers in official Catholic action, while unquestionably representative of the growing zeal of the laity in general, and able men and women personally, do not seem to include large numbers of Catholic laymen whom it would be most desirable to enlist in the work. The same thing is true of lesser movements among Catholics—lesser in the sense of hierarchical authority, is meant—especially cultural groups. It may be, of course (frankly, this writer confesses his uncertainty on the point), that the Catholics I have in mind, the industrialists and labor leaders, the physicians and lawyers and public men, and business men, and hosts of Catholic white-collar workers, and craftsmen, and laboring men, and our dwindling yet still considerable Catholic farmers, are themselves indifferent to what might be termed collective Catholicism, in the interests of the cultural and social promotion of Catholic principles. But it also may be that they are awaiting, and hoping for—consciously or unconsciously —some form of call or challenge that will not only stir them to such action, but propose practical ways and means for utilizing their experience of life's actualities, and the pressing problems of our age, in the direct or indirect service of Mother Church.

A splendid example of such cooperation is revealed in Mr. Heffron's letter. But it is not merely our intellectuals, whether "Doctors" or free-lances in the high-brow ways of thought and action, but our strong, practical, life-experienced Catholic professional, business and working men and women who should be attracted and given places in that great development of Catholic Action, both official and voluntary, which the times so urgently require.

Communications

STREAMLINING EDUCATION

St. Bonaventure, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The reasons advanced by Father Bonaventure Schwinn "why the course leading to a bachelor's degree should be shortened" are clearly and impressively stated in "Streamlining Education" (THE COMMONWEAL, October 2). Some day credit will and ought to be given to Catholic educators and especially to the NCEA for having raised their voices, time and again, in favor of a readjustment of the 8-4-4 plan to which our whole educational system has been committed these many years. While it is always sound policy to coordinate all educational programs with the general framework prevalent in the land, there are opportunities which render the removal of a common evil or handicap both timely and comparatively easy.

Shortly after the last war, in 1919, at the St. Louis meeting of the NCEA, Father Spalding, S.J., pleaded convincingly in favor of a readjustment and argued that the time was ripe for action. His arguments have lost none of their force; in fact, the present crisis lends them new vigor. In the face of the uncertainties regarding the draft, college men especially should act swiftly, lest our Liberal Arts College be swept away by the current of fast-moving events.

The American way is free and wide, and perhaps its very breadth is responsible for our swaying from one extreme to the other. The war came, and with it acceleration. Overnight we discovered that what we had previously accomplished in four years could just as well be done in three, not to say in two and a half. Meanwhile the solemn protest went the rounds that none of our educational standards were to be lowered an iota. We realize, of course, that this is war, and that now more is expected of student and teacher alike than in normal times. But the point is that the lessons learned in war will not be forgotten in peace, and college men will do well to entertain a salutary fear lest their curriculum present a sorry picture when peace comes—unless they now take time out to adjust the matter properly.

Acceleration is timely. The question, however, arises, why the reform should start at the top, and not at the bottom as well. Can we afford to chisel and reduce the college program at will without seriously jeopardizing its traditional integrity, without spoiling what we have been led to regard as the crowning synthesis of general education? Is it not wise to devote more time and leisure to collegiate studies, when the mind is gradually maturing, and to allot less time to the acquiring of elementary tools and skills, which is to a large extent a mechanical process?

At a recent meeting a spokesman for the high school painted such a glowing picture of the high standards, lofty aims and indispensable courses in his department that one might wonder if there was anything left in the world for a high school product to learn. The trouble is that life has entered the school room with all its phases, interests and avocations, and the result is a bewildering engrossment with everything but what is still essential to elementary learning. There is still a distinction, we hope, between the school and the home, the workshop, the recreational center, the factory and the office. It is well to be practical, but there is a limit to this, if young minds are to absorb the cultural heritage of the past.

The elementary school has encroached upon what should be the province of the high school; the high school has reached out far into the college curriculum, and the college, in its last two years, has taken over from the universities a large number of specialized courses which really go beyond the normal boundaries of general education.

It is generally agreed that a serious blunder was committed in the effort to adapt American education to a European pattern. This blunder costs us two precious years in the life of every youth and carries with it the implication that our young people are inferior to European

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youths in intellectual capacity. The shortening of the time by at least two years should be welcomed by the American public because in this way a larger number of talented youths may avail themselves of the opportunity of achieveing the full measure of education.

It will not be an easy matter to reduce the elementary school to a six-year term. It can only be accomplished through close cooperation between the elementary and the high school. The two are intimately associated because they afford equal educational opportunities to all citizens of the land. All have a right to the same opportunities, but all have not the same talents. That is why admission to college must remain restricted.

In our present distribution of collegiate subjects, the Sophomore year may well be considered terminal as far as general education is concerned. The readjustment, however, must come from both ends. Much of what was formerly college matter has been pushed down into the upper classes of the high school where it is served up on new dishes. It is well to remember that the form of human experience is within the grasp of the grade school and junior high school child. But its content becomes significant only with the increasing social maturity of the individual. The matter of content it definitely one of the major college responsibilities.

The upper classes in college must be integrated with the traditional courses in philosophy, which is the backbone of general education. Somehow the educational world always reverts, after sundry gyrations and aberrations, to what the ancients called "the seven pillars of wisdom," comprising as they do a happy blending of the arts and sciences after the pattern of the *trivium* and *quadrivium,* but, as we should expect and insist, advanced to the highest standards of modern learning. It may be futile at this time to stress the need of the study of the classics, but after this period of strife and struggle, the civilized world will still find itself standing with both feet on Graeco-Christian culture, and there will be a new impetus to recover what was lost. Meanwhile it is consoling to know that our minor and major seminaries have no intention of letting the vestal fire of classical culture go out. The Church has saved and salvaged it in the past; she will do it again in the present.

THE VERY REV. THOMAS PLASSMANN, O.F.M.

LEON BLOY'S COLUMBUS

Glen Cove, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In view of your last article by Raïssa Maritain on Bloy's Columbus (October 11, 1942) I thought you might be interested in Walt Whitman's "Prayer of Columbus," two stanzas of which follow:

O I am sure they really come from Thee!
The Urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,
A message from the Heavens, whispering to me even in sleep,
These sped me on.
By me, and these, the work so far accomplished (for what has been, has been);
By me Earth's elder, cloy'd and stifled lands, uncloy'd, unloos'd;
By me the hemispheres rounded and tied—the unknown to the known.

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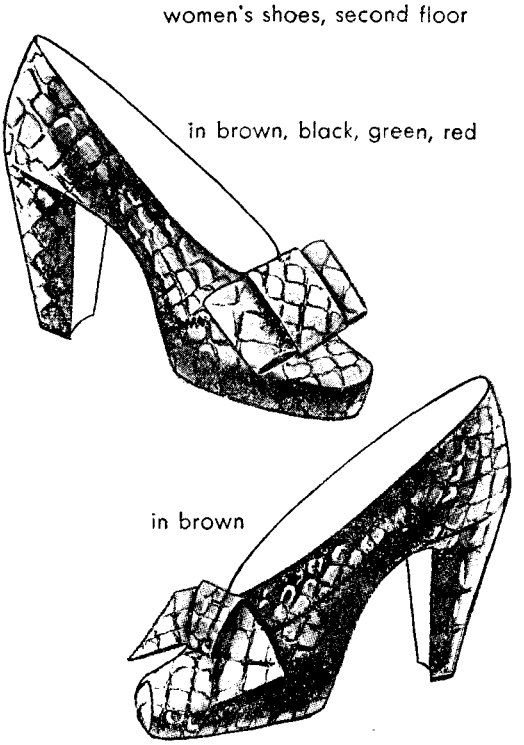

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The end I know not—it is all in Thee;
Or small, or great, I know not—haply, what broad fields, what lands;
Haply, the brutish, measureless human undergrowth I know,
transplanted there, may rise to stature, knowledge worthy Thee;
Haply the swords I know may there indeed be turn'd to reaping-tools;
Haply the lifeless cross I know—Europe's dead cross—may bud and blossom there.

EVE BIRD.

UNHAPPY ECHOES

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editors: Your editorial "Unhappy Echoes" about the Spanish Civil War in your issue of October 2 points to a problem that will have to be settled soon, and settled authoritatively for the whole country. The facts alleged by both sides have been so contradictory, and have been the cause of such bitter partisanship, that an impartial investigation is imperative. This Spanish issue will be coming more and more to the front as the United Nations advance to victory. Much bad feeling and useless wrangling will be avoided if an authoritative statement of the facts is made before the time comes to settle Franco's position in the post-war scheme of things.

I propose a second "Rubber Commission." Let a group of men be appointed who have a national reputation for integrity and ability, and let them give us the facts.

REV. SILVIO GARAVAGLIA, S.J.

The Stage & Screen

Rosalinda

"ROSALINDA" is Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus" in a vernacular translation of Max Reinhardt's Berlin version of the Twenties. For good measure, the New Opera Company has interpolated passages from other Strauss works, including the favorite "Vienna Woods" waltz. Well cast and sung, colorfully produced, it's far and away the happiest of the current crop of revivals.

The book, it must be faced, hasn't weathered the years as successfully as the score. And its Americanization isn't noticeably felicitous. The singers are evidently aware of this, and don't extend themselves to make the lyrics distinct, and Erich Wolfgang Korngold, the conductor, doesn't scruple to drown out the voices now and then, nor to work his orchestra virtually continuously. That's all to the good: custom has not staled the heart-lilting tonic of the Strauss melodies.

The second act, where comedy yields to spectacle, is the most rewarding. The scenes at Prince Orlofsky's ball, and especially the supper scene with its graceful George Balanchine ballet, are operetta at its peak. Justly, the host dominates his entertainment, despite the subtle economy of Oscar Karlweis's portrayal. Mr. Karlweis's is that highest school of clowning, which relies not upon time-subject gags but upon the creative construction of droll and engaging personality.

The best voice is Dorothy Sarnoff, who sings the name rôle. Miss Sarnoff's soprano has richness and easy range, and her acting and appearance are equally pleasing. Virginia MacWatter's (Adele) voice is slighter but unusually fresh in its coloratura. The men's voices are agreeable, if never notable. Ralph Herbert deserves special congratulations for his success in the central rôle of Eisenstein, which he took over upon the shortest notice. The settings and costumes—especially Miss Sarnoff's ball gown and Prince Orlofsky's uniform—are gaily handsome. (*At the 44th Street.*)

Inside Story

THE BLACKFRIARS opened their new season with an amiable, desultory farce-comedy called "Inside Story." It's the first work of a young Rochester defense worker named Peter Sheehan, and concerns the professional and private complications of a career woman who comes to learn that saving the world in type doesn't constitute the full life. Jane Carroll edits and publishes a little magazine which aims to tell the whole truth about world affairs without interference from political subsidizers. Ejected from her office for lack of funds, she establishes her typewriter and filing case in her family's living room, where Mr. Sheehan parades a large repertory of eccentric types. These range from a doubletalking phony Hindu swami to a nine-year-old poetess answering to the name of Consuela Olga Finnegan. Obviously Mr. Sheehan is more interested in characterizing his eccentrics than in solving his heroine's future. The most winning of the Carrolls' neighbors were, I thought, an Abbey Theatre air warden (J. Augustus Keogh) and Jane's roller-skating secretary (Julie Snow).

It's the aim of the Blackfriars not so much to provide finished professional productions as to bring new plays by new Catholic authors to the attention of Broadway. "Inside Story" has an unmistakably amateur aura, but a smart professional farce-producer such as George Abbott, say, might be well advised to keep an eye on Peter Sheehan. (*At the Blackfriars' until Nov.* 8.)

Little Darling

WHEN I was at boarding school, it was a social requisite to be an ardent devotee of a magazine called "College Humor." Perhaps "College Humor" still exists; in any case it still exists in spirit in Eric Hatch's "Little Darling."

Here's the setup—stop me if you've heard this: Kenneth Brown is a successful contributor to "Ladies' Home Companion." Katherine Wilson takes his dictation and secretly adores him. But his daughter Cynthia, who returned to him after the death of his estranged wife, finds him insufferably stuffy and his Connecticut home equally uncongenial. She, nor Katherine either, doesn't suspect that secretly he has been writing a play called "Oh, Lech!" whose single setting is a bedroom. Well, Cynthia sneaks out one night for a tour of the 52nd Street hot spots, and on the same night her boarding school roommate arrives for a visit. Said roommate hails from Milwaukee, which is made evident to the audience by her Mississippi accent, and finds

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Papa Brown but definitely a cutiepants. Wong, whose vocabulary is limited to "Hello, bossy," "Hello, missy," and "Oh hell," is instructed to provision a champagne orgy, and before you can say "Esquire," Kenneth's play is "the season's wackiest wow" and Miss Milwaukee is wearing mink and diamond bracelets.

Naturally, Cynthia now realizes that her father is a much more admirable character than she suspected, and the rest of the play is devoted to her and the lovelorn secretary's successful attempt to re-establish the Connecticut menage.

For two acts, Mr. Hatch gets a maximum of laughs from his subject; the third act is one of those third acts. The chief merit of the play, for my money, is the introduction of Norman Bel Geddes' daughter Barbara. She, uniquely in the cast, gives, as Cynthia Brown, a warm, natural, attractive, memorable performance. And Phyllis Avery, whom I enjoyed last year in "Letters to Lucerne," is exactly right as the Milwaukee siren. Karen Morley, as the secretary, makes the most of a thin rôle, and Leon Ames repeats his technique in "Guest in the House," which is to say, strenuously identifies the Artist with dimwitted delayed adolescence. (*At the Biltmore.*)

DAVID BURNHAM.

Ariz. and Pa. Do Their Best

AT Thunder Bird Field in Arizona, young Chinese, British and Americans are trained to be fliers. The film *"Thunder Birds"* is about this school which, as John Gunther says in the prologue, is one of many such flying schools and is a symbol of victory because the war is going to be won on fields like this. Surely a motion picture about such a place in a time like this should be sincere and dignified. Unfortunately Lamar Trotti's script is not. The production itself (the film was also produced by Trotti) is good.

But into this timely and absorbing theme has been dragged the usual hackneyed triangle romance, the standard cinema cliches and playfulness in story. Our hero (John Sutton) is an English lad whose father was an ace in the last war (!) and whose brother was shot down ten weeks ago in this war (!!). Hero gives up doctoring in England to learn to fly because his grandmother (Dame May Whitty) is donating a plane to the R.A.F. Gran'ma is a Lady of the old school—salt of the earth, rides, has piles of money. (How the English must hate Hollywood's portrayal of this type of Englishman!) The catch is that our hero has a conditioned reflex against height and he becomes sick up in a plane. Well, Preston Foster plays the role of an instructor who knew our hero's father in the last war; so he's going to teach our hero to fly if it's the last thing he does. And Foster can do it because, the script informs us, he's what the Wright Brothers had in mind when they invented the airplane. But Foster loves Gene Tierney who lives on a nearby ranch; and Sutton meets Miss Tierney and falls for her. And Miss Tierney can't decide. The film of course is more interested in Miss Tierney's problem and in Foster's problem than in all the other Thunder Birds. Before Sutton conquers his nausea, we see some interesting flying lessons, Foster bailing out in a sandstorm, Sutton's landing a plane that's out of gas. The film has two theme songs which provide background music for the goings on and which are the clue to the story: "There'll Always Be an England" and "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

The trouble with *"George Washington Slept Here"* is that it really has only one situation, and it wears rather thin after 93 minutes. The original comedy by Moss Hart and George Kaufman, which appeared in 1940, labored under the same difficulty, and in spite of the authors' clever gags, it remained only a minor comedy. Jerry Wald has given the film a major production. Everett Freeman, who wrote the screenplay, dropped some of the original lines, added some new, timely gags and broadened the scene somewhat for cinema treatment. But the single situation still becomes tiresome. The outstanding change from the original play is the shift of interests between the two leading characters. Now it is Mrs. Fuller whose complex is antiques and Americana, and it is Mr. Fuller who is the born city-dweller upset by his wife's buying an old house in Pennsylvania. Full well we might believe that Mrs. Fuller made her purchase during a blackout—for the house is ready to cave in (part of it does); it has no water; it has no road to the highway; and even its main feature turns out to be a myth because it was Benedict Arnold and not Washington who slept here. Everything about the house goes wrong, so we can hardly accuse Mr. Fuller of lack of patriotism when he gets so angry that he could spit from "here to Mount Vernon."

Director William Keighley tries to liven the situation when it gets too tedious by introducing slapstick. The gags are well timed; and the musical accompaniment adds to the fun. Ann Sheridan is not quite at home in this kind of comedy; but as Mrs. Fuller, her looks should make Mr. Fuller willing to put up with all the woes of a house he calls "Wuthering Heights." Jack Benny is delightfully irate as the husband who is certain that Washington should have chopped down this house instead of the cherry tree. Perhaps Benny is better with gags of his own choosing, but he handles these well too. Charles Coburn, Hattie McDaniel, William Tracy enliven the supporting cast. Percy Kilbride as the gardener, the bearer of all bad news, the announcer of the need for another load of gravel or the approach of the 17-year locusts steals the show.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Winning the Peace

By EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

AMERICANS in general have scarcely been world famous for their interest in international relations. Armistice Day here last year had as twin themes the traditional "that they shall not have died in vain" and the new grim note on preparedness. The effort of the National Peace Conference, a clearing-house agency for 38 American religious, professional and peace organizations, to direct attention to the theme of World Government won attention only here and there. But Americans this fall find themselves intent on winning a desperate war—bent on achieving a victory which, if it is to be genuine and settle things, includes winning the peace as well. Millions of Americans, personally hit by enrollments in the armed forces and other deprivations of the war, are at last eager to do what they can toward a just and lasting peace. This year observances for November 11 as World Government Day sponsored by the National Peace Conference should lead to far more tangible results. What better means of keeping faith with those who gave up their lives in the last war than to build up popular demand for a "governed world!"

To achieve the peace we seek, victory in the field must be hastened. A stalemate or a war so protracted that even the "victors" find themselves in a state of exhaustion while chaos is rampant in many sectors of the globe will not provide it. Advocacy of a quick and decisive military victory does not mean calling for a second front now or for premature frontal attacks in Dieppe style. Rather it implies that the whole nation get down to business and that for the duration individual Americans—government and armed force authorities included—forget their own petty whims, comforts and accustomed ways of doing things. Many of us all along questioned the wisdom of rushing into this war and criticized both objectives and methods of the Administration's foreign policy. May facts not in our possession justify our government in the light of history! But now we are in the war. Nothing in the long run would be more destructive of the values we most prize than America's half-hearted participation.

That said, what are the other leading questions involved in the winning of the peace? One of the first, it would seem, is coming to much more specific agreements with our allies as to the nature of the peace. Something more definite than the Atlantic Charter and the statement signed by the 26 nations. One of those signatories, and the ally that has done far and away the most in stopping the nazi triumphal march, is Soviet Russia. Her war aims are difficult to determine, but in a current volume * John Scott suggests that her relatively painless technique of taking over and Sovietizing the Baltic countries three years ago may be attempted by her in many border lands come the armistice. Her overt pretensions seem consistent enough, for in addition to her commitment with the 26 nations, there is the Stalin October, 1941, speech promising "no interferences of any kind with the domestic affairs of other nations." Then there is his May Day speech of this year indicating that he considers as Soviet territory Estonia, Karelia, Latvia, Lithuania, Moldavia and a large sector of Poland. When one reads Mr. Scott's account of the Russian attack on Finland and thinks of other major blemishes on the Soviet record, it is hard to conclude with assurance that the Soviets will be satisfied even with those 1939-40 borders, particularly if conditions are ripe for expansion. Russian aspirations must be kept in mind at every stage of the proceedings.

The impossibility of accepting the totalitarians' word at its face value is also well brought out in a new volume by C. J. Hambro of Norway†. Mr. Hambro, who has served as President of the League Assembly and President of the Norwegian Parliament, quotes at some length remarks of crime-buster, J. Edgar Hoover. Mr. Hoover writes with eloquence on the folly of imagining that criminals have minds or consciences that work in any manner similar to ours. Mr. Hambro thinks that an apt description of nazi and Japanese mentality today. He therefore posits as a requisite for winning the peace the overthrow of the entire nazi régime. Yet he would go much farther. Mr. Hambro looks upon Hitler primarily as an end product of a long line of German philosophers, professors and school teachers; he treats his readers to quite an array of quotations—with which by now many of us are somewhat familiar—to prove his thesis as to the guilt of the German teaching profession. What a problem of re-education.

As to the mechanics of the peace itself, Mr. Hambro draws a number of conclusions which are widely accepted among Americans specializing on the subject. One is the necessity of a long period of armistice with enemy territories and lands in disorder well policed. This will allow some passions to cool; it will give the time needed for arriving at a solution of some of the thornier international problems. He is against reparations. Minority questions must be settled in such a way that these groups will not be allowed to serve as an influence that fragments, and thus provides a bone for further disputes between nations.

Mr. Hambro says that one nub of the matter in international organization or world governance is the clothing of representatives with binding authority. In the League the absence of this, together with the requirement of unanimity, really meant the retention of complete national sovereignty. He phrases the new formula for internationalism, to "sacrifice the sovereignty of the state to secure the rights of men." In fact one of the chief tasks will be to develop international judges and administrators who will conceive of themselves as responsible to the world community rather than to the individual nation of their birth. The jurisdiction of international courts must be compulsory and without appeal; the international governing body must have the power to enforce its authority in the interests of all. Mr. Hambro analyzes some principal factors in the quest for a just and durable peace from a political rather than a social or economic angle. His volume and Mr. Scott's provide much food

* Duel for Europe. John Scott. Houghton. $3.50.
† How to Win the Peace. C. J. Hambro. Lippincott. $3.00.

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for meditation on Armistice-World-Government-Day, 1942, and in the weeks to come. None of the factors which they emphasize but should be taken into account.

More Books of the Week

Australia

Australian Frontier. Ernestine Hill. Doubleday. $3.50. *The Jervis Bay and Other Poems. Lieutenant Michael Thwaites. Putnam.* $1.75.

THERE is rich and adventurous reading for the American book-lover this winter in "Australian Frontier" by an Australian woman journalist; there is deeper and more delicate pleasure in "The Jervis Bay and Other Poems" by an Australian naval officer. The one reveals Australia, the other an Australian.

A reprint of a best-seller, published originally as "The Great Australian Loneliness," "Australian Frontier" is an absorbing account of a trek through the wild and arid back country of the continent by plane, camel, truck and pack-horse. With the journalist's eye for color and nose for novelty, the authoress takes you on a journey of discovery, shows you the aborigines and their corroboree, the spinifex deserts, the great empty West, with its mysterious Nullabor plane; she tells you the epic of the explorers, the story of pearl-fishing and the history of the Kimberley gold rushes (in which many an American fossicker perished); she introduces you to ranchers, stockmen, prospectors, miners, pearlers, adventurers, missionaries and the "Last of the Beachcombers." It is all very true and entertaining but decidedly not "an ideal introduction to the great continent of Australia," as announced in the publisher's blurb. It is a marginal book, rounding out the picture of the real and substantial Australia, which should first be discovered in C. Hartley Grattan's "Introducing Australia."

Lieutenant Michael Thwaites is a brilliant young Australian Rhodes scholar who had just completed his studies at Oxford when the war broke out. He immediately volunteered for the navy and is at present on duty in the Atlantic. He won the Newdigate Prize for poetry at Oxford with his "Milton Blind" and received the King's Medal for poetry in 1939. The previous award was to W. H. Auden. Here is an Australian rather different from the customary picture of the swashbuckling Anzac. The name poem celebrates in Australian metaphor the heroism of Captain Fegen and his crew of the "Jervis Bay" in its hopeless, head-on encounter with the "Admiral Scheer," which saved a convoy of ships. But the section "War Poems," written under fire, face to face with death and God, record the progress of a soul since "Milton Blind." Here is an authentic modern voice, singing with dignity, restraint, and God-founded optimism amid the collapse of a world.

This reviewer, an Australian, recommends Ernestine Hill's book with reservations to the American public, but he enthusiastically acclaims Michael Thwaites's poems, if only as counter-balance to koala-bears, sheep-ranchers, kangaroos and sun-tanned Anzacs. For there is a danger that, from a surfeit of "Convict-and-Kangaroo" literature, the American public is forming an unbalanced impression of "Down-Under"; that an Australian legend is in the making, when the growing intimacy of our relations calls

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DOGMA AND SONG

That was an intelligent man who said that he didn't care who made a nation's laws if he could make its songs: the songs do more than the laws to "shape" the people; and indeed the songs, by shaping the people, shape the laws. The two talents differ so widely that it seems almost monstrous to think of them combined in one man. What sort of laws would Stephen Foster or Irving Berlin have made? Better, probably than the songs Thomas Jefferson would have written.

But in one man the talents were combined. It is the peculiarity of St. Thomas Aquinas that he is not only with the law-makers, but with the song-writers too. Long before Leo XIII proclaimed him the leader of our studies, he was the leader of our Eucharistic song. He wrote the O SALUTARIS and the TANTUM ERGO which for centuries have been sung at every Benediction everywhere: in all the world's history no songs have been sung by more people. Whatever we may be in our philosophical and theological class-rooms, we are all Thomists at Benediction.

If I were to say that he has affected the Catholic mind more profoundly by those two hymns than by the SUMMA THEOLOGICA, no one could prove me wrong. But I could not prove myself right, either. So let us leave it unsaid. There is indeed no gain in making too wide a distinction. Even if you and I are chilled by the SUMMA and thrilled by the hymns, the same mind produced both. In fact, the book gives us, in process and detail, the mind that expressed itself in the hymns: and (here is the point all this has been leading to) we will sing them better for sharing the mind that produced them. No one has ever got so much out of those hymns as St. Thomas himself—because of what was in his mind.

Perhaps you will say indignantly that you are not chilled by the SUMMA THEOLOGICA; perhaps not: most of us are: not because of what St. Thomas has to say but of our unaccustomedness to the way he says it. Given our habits, we need a certain conditioning before we can read it with joy. To provide this is the function of Father Farrell's COMPANION TO THE SUMMA, which gives the whole doctrine of the SUMMA, not broken up in answers to objections as in the original, but in chapters written straight ahead and with illustrations from modern life. For the moment I can think of no better way to characterise the COMPANION than to say that it splits the difference between the SUMMA and the hymns: it is the SUMMA but with the poetry beginning to sound in it.

The fourth volume (completing the Companionship) is now out. It will probably be the most popular of the four, for the matters it treats have always been at the heart of Catholic devotion—Christ Our Lord, our Lady, and the Blessed Eucharist. Which brings us back to St. Thomas as the leader of our Eucharistic song.

"THE WAY OF LIFE", VOLUME 4,
A COMPANION TO THE SUMMA, $3.75.

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for truth, realism and sound judgment of each other, if we are to rebuild the Pacific world. JAMES G. MURTAGH.

FICTION

The Robe. Lloyd C. Douglas. Houghton. $2.75.

LIKE the artists the writers also will never cease to produce new versions of the Redeemer's life. Though it is impossible to tell this grand story as aptly and as truthfully as it is told by the four Evangelists, every new generation, even in these times of secularization, tries to set this story of stories according to the current taste. Former centuries took the facts out of their historical background and put the eternal Story of Christ under the *hic et nunc* of their own conditions of life.

But since the middle of the nineteenth century the Occident has turned to pedantic historicism and painful *milieu* studies. The fictionized life of Christ takes on the character of an "historic novel." This is the trouble with Lloyd Douglas's recent novel. What "Ben Hur" and "Quo Vadis?" meant for the generations of our fathers and grandfathers, "The Robe" is supposed to mean for ours. To our sons and grandchildren the technique of this novel will seem as old-fashioned and as incongruous to the eternal story as seem the books of Lew Wallace and Henryk Sienkiewicz. But many readers of 1942 will admire it as the most modern type of historical fiction, based on sound studies and a perfect knowledge of emotional tension.

The author of "Magnificent Obsession," "Disputed Passage" and other successful novels knows how to make a book of fiction, which acclaims the religious events but does not bore the worldly-minded reader by too deep a religious emotion or a philosophical discussion of the problems involved in the struggle between Paganism and Christianity. Besides the holy story, you get the amount of entertainment you are supposed to receive when you spend your money for a seven-hundred-pages-best-seller. You get your share of happy and unhappy love, adventure and fighting, historical instruction and mystery-story effects, and if you care for this kind of time-killing reading, you will never have a dull moment. The hero of this thrilling novel is Marcellus Gallo, Roman tribune and son of a senator, an honest enough character—even if drunk during Christ's execution. When the Romans cast lots for the Lord's raiment, the robe fell to him. But there was a magic touch about the robe which made Marcellus uneasy and remorseful about having assisted at the crucifixion of an innocent man. So he ordered his loyal slave Demetrius to destroy the robe. But for the first time Demetrius disobeyed; he had been so deeply moved by the personality of Jesus Christ that he thought this garment should be kept. And indeed some time later Marcellus happened to touch the robe, and suddenly his melancholy was taken from him and his eyes opened to the mysteries of Christ. Against his own will he was conquered by the crucified Jew. He meets some of Christ's disciples and finally is converted. When he returns to Rome, he proudly confesses before the Emperor that he is a believer in the truth of the Christian religion.

This melodramatic story is told on a level which never gets trivial enough to hurt your religious feelings. There is even an atmosphere of genuine devotion around the person of the Lord. But though there seem to be no seriously objectionable details in the book, the story of the magic robe with its many superficial sensations seems to me not adequate to the holy story. It is like returning from an overcrowded festival into the atmosphere of chastity and contemplation when I turned from all this fictionized hokum to the plain reports of the New Testament, for which I want no additions or embellishments.

MAX FISCHER.

The Day Must Dawn. Agnes Sligh Turnbull. Macmillan. $2.75.

WHY, when we think of pioneers and crusaders and long dead warriors, do our spirits fall a little? Is it because we have a gnawing suspicion that their sacrifices were wasted; that with just a little more wisdom they might have had a good life here below and merited heaven too? We are left with this feeling of depression after reading "The Day Must Dawn." It is, of course, the intention of the author to create a mood of regret. She has done so with skill. She makes us long to go back to the year 1777 and tell the boys and girls not to expend their blood and sweat and tears pushing the frontier too far into a hostile country, out of due time.

"The Day Must Dawn" is a story of the first settlers of Western Pennsylvania, laid in the beautiful, slightly dour country in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains. Hannastown, which was actually razed by the Indians, is the home of the little pioneer family we come to know, love and pity. For pity is the principal emotion evoked. The central figure of the book is the mother, Martha, and we see frontier life with its hardships, terrors and compulsions from her point of view. We see the inside of her cabin with its utter lack of refinement, its three books, "Pilgrim's Progress," the Bible and Shakespeare. We see through her that the life of a pioneer woman is a far harder one to bear than that of her husband. Her daily life was drudgery and her excitements were pain and fear. Martha was once beautiful, but when she is given a mirror she dares not look at her own reflection until her family have all gone to bed. Then when she sees what the years have done she "replaces the candle and sinks onto the settle, her head low in her hands." We sympathize with her when she hopes her beloved and only daughter will return to Philadelphia and not stay to be ravaged by the hardships of the wilderness.

The novel teaches us a little bit of American history as it goes; the history of those terribly virtuous men and women from whom we have so much to learn. And now that we, like these early Americans, are living in the shadow of danger and uncertainty, a romance like this one should find a good audience. KATHLEEN CRAIG.

POETRY

In Praise of Nuns: An Anthology of Verse. James M. Hayes. Dutton. $2.00.

CONSIDERED from the point of utility, this volume is a reasonably successful attempt to gather between covers the best and sincerest praise (in poetry) of our Catholic sisterhood. There are many who will welcome the book, both as filling their own desires for something along these lines, and as making a creditable gift-volume for some friend in the convent. The book is in three divisions: poems by Catholics, by non-Catholics and by nuns. And the last division is the best.

Considered poetically, the book is a disappointment. Out of 135 pieces, hardly more than 30 meet the requirements of good poetry. The preponderance of the sentimental will be a scandal to some Catholics, and many non-Catholics, and an unconscious injustice to the sister-

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hood. The kind of verse which pictures our sublime and yet human sisterhood as a company of creatures of quite another salt than ours—too ethereal to be human, and surely too artificial to be angelic—will, I think, do more harm than good. In sorry juxtaposition to these verses, there are poems of very good gold. One cannot help wishing that the compiler had made a slender, decorated volume of the best of the poems so laboriously collected. The praise, one feels, would have been richer—and the richest were none too good—if it had been briefer and more intensely artistic.

However, as indicated, the book fills a demand; to those who like religious verse that is clear, honest, and always elevated, and are willing to look elsewhere for the sterner examples of pure poetry, this anthology will prove pleasant and inspiring reading. JOHN DUFFY.

WAR

The Road to Victory. The Most Reverend Archbishop Francis J. Spellman. Scribner. $1.75.

GOOD CATHOLICS all, you know what an archbishop would write, do you not?—"God and our Country!" Ah, yes, but you cannot know without reading this magnificent burst of oratory the manner in which he writes it. Here is a man speaking. Here is a rousing, rallying war cry to American Catholics.

"We face two battles, the battle of life and the battle for our country's life. We must win the battle of life, which is the battle of our soul's salvation, and we must win the battle for our country's life, the battle for the soul of America."

"If we love our country, it is not because it is the greatest country in the world, for we would love it if it were the least, but we love it because the virtue of piety which binds us to God is the foundation of patriotism which binds us to our fellowmen."

"I hold no enmity toward any people. Hatred has no place in my life. I love all men as brothers in Christ. But I am one of one hundred and thirty million Americans and millions and millions of other persons who are at war against any system of government that would destroy the things we cherish most . . . likewise we are fighting against our very selves for the achievement of the innate longing of our souls, Christian perfection."

"Our men and women are living and dying to keep America free. We, too, should live and die to keep America free, to keep ourselves free in the true sense of the word—free to do right, free to live right, free to be right, free to die right."

"Morale makes a man strong in his duty to his country. Morals make a man strong in his duty to God. . . . Blended together, these two forces of morals and morale form a bulwark of national defense and personalize that union of religion and patriotism which is a tradition of our Church and Country."

"Religion and patriotism support, strengthen and complement each other. Without religion and its moral standards, patriotism can be made the cloak of infamy. With religion and its moral standards, patriotism has a foundation, a strength and a permanence that come from God."

Fresh from the first perusal of this book, who could but praise it? Later, perhaps, we shall regret that the Military Vicar of the Armed Forces of the United States did not extend his patriotism to include a more detailed applause of those other nations who are allied with us.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

The Inner Forum

The Missions in Wartime

A SPECIAL DESPATCH to the Denver *Register* quotes the Very Rev. John J. Considine, Assistant Superior General of Maryknoll, to the effect that more than 85 percent of the Church's missionaries are still at their posts in foreign lands. Father Considine estimates that 8,950 missioners in Africa, Asia and Oceania have been driven from their posts by the war, but 51,750 are still carrying on their apostolic work. The East Indies are the hardest hit mission territory with half the 4,000 missioners prevented from continuing their labors; India itself is least affected with only 800 out of 14,000 priests, Brothers and Sisters forced to leave because of the war.

Catholic Missions reports the most extensive Chinese war relief activities. Not including Manchuria and ten Chinese Vicariates estimates have been made for the past two years. During that period some 921,007 refugees have been sheltered, clothed and fed "in a quasi-permanent way" on Catholic mission properties. The figures for medical aid—medical treatments, dispensary treatments and hospitalization—are even more impressive. Such aid has been given to a total of 28,421,727 persons.

Mr. Ko Kin-teh, a Protestant missioner of Nanking, said to a Jesuit he was visiting at Tangku, "I simply had to come to express my admiration for the conduct of Catholic missionaries in staying among the people and saving whole multitudes . . . as a Chinese I had to come and thank you in the name of the whole Chinese people."

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek recently declared, "Large numbers of Catholic missioners at the risk of their lives have protected refugees and preserved the honor of hordes of terrified and helpless women . . . Others devoted themselves to the rescue and care of innocent children caught in the whirlwind of war. Still others with undaunted courage continued educational work amongst the stricken and destitute. All these missioners have throughout kept their banners flying and their spirits vibrant in the midst of the charred ruins of many of their churches."

CONTRIBUTORS

Paul VIGNAUX, the French Catholic philosopher, is Visiting Professor at the University of Notre Dame and is lecturing this winter at the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes in New York.

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Max FISCHER is a former German journalist now working and residing in New York.

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